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Next a field of glorious fame,
 Where the furious torrent came,
 War's all-wasteful shower descending,
 Prostrate arms together blending,
 Like the whelming waves, that ride
 O'er some found'ring vessel's side :
 There, Loegria *, fought thy warriors, there to thee
 Came ruin and disgrace,—to Owain victory.

THE PROPHECY OF TALIESIN†.

Eu Ner a volant,
 Eu hiaith a gadwant,
 Eu tir a gollant
 Ond gwillt Walia.

Taliesin.

Still shall they chaunt their Maker's praise,
 Still keep their language and their lays,
 But nought of all their old domain,
 Save Wallia's rude and mountain reign.

HEARD ye that sound near Tywy's‡ stream ;
 Or was it but some mystic dream,
 That floats the pensive soul along,
 With its wild mimicry of song ?
 Ah, list again,—yon mountain dell
 Re-echoes to the tuneful spell :
 'Tis Urien's § mighty bard, that sings ;
 How proudly burst his patriot fires,
 As his loved country fills his wires,
 And all her sorrows mourn along his strings !

* England.—ED.

† The prophetic lines, on which this effusion is founded, and which are prefixed as its motto, are remarkable for having been in every respect so singularly fulfilled. And it may be hoped, that the prediction, contained in the second line, will acquire fresh force every day.—ED.

‡ The river Tywy runs through that part of South Wales, in which Taliesin is supposed to have spent the evening of his days. See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. 1, p. 11.—ED.

§ Taliesin was, at one time, the bard of Urien Rheged, a Cumbrian chieftain, and who is supposed to have resided, during the close of his life, with Taliesin, among the disciples of Catwg, at Llancarvan.—ED.

The gifted seer ! I hear him still,
 As erst on his Dimetian* hill,
 When, starting from his eye, the tear
 Proclaimed his wild harp's transport near :
 It comes, it comes,—and when again
 Shall CYMRU hear so bold a strain ?

“ Land of my fathers ! where is flown
 The freedom, that was once thy own,
 When brave Caswallawn† led his band
 Of heroes from thy chalky strand,
 To check the haughty Roman's pride,
 As Vict'ry roll'd her reflux tide,
 And Gaul beheld a stranger strain
 Avenge her desolated plain ?
 Where now the valour, that of yore
 Exulted round thy craggy shore,
 When even all-conquering Cæsar's name
 Earn'd but at last a doubtful fame,
 And vain his wonted boast he view'd,—
 “ He came, he saw,” but ne'er subdued ‡ ?
 Where too the bold, and patriot zeal,
 That flashed in old Caradawg's § steel,
 When, nobly struggling with his fate,
 He fought, and fell, sublimely great :
 Though lost his much-lov'd hills and plains,
 Yet still a victor in his chains,

* Dimetia was the Roman name for that part of South Wales, now called Deheubarth, or, in a more contracted sense, Dyfed.—ED.

† Caswallawn's expedition to Gaul is recorded in the Triads ; and seems likewise to be confirmed by Cæsar himself. See the first volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON, pp. 87, 88. And the object of this expedition is farther stated, in the Triads, to have been the recovery of his mistress, Flur, who had been forcibly carried away by a prince of Gascony, for the purpose of presenting her to Cæsar. Caswallawn is, therefore, recorded as one of the “ three faithful lovers.”—ED.

‡ Notwithstanding the first successes of Cæsar, his ultimate departure was regarded by the Britons as a cause of triumph ; and, according to the Triads, the event was celebrated by Caswallawn with public rejoicings. For this reason, Cæsar's laconic epistle upon another occasion, “ *veni, vidi, vici*,” can hardly be said to apply to his British expedition.—ED.

§ Notices of Caradawg, or Caractacus, may be seen in the first volume, pp. 169 and 204. His defeat by Ostorius, and his magnanimous deportment at Rome, when brought in chains before Claudius, are sufficiently known. The particulars are related in Tacitus's Annals, l. 12, § 83, *et seq.*—ED.

And mighty Rome was awed to see
 A Briton's native majesty ?
 Where now the fire, that since withstood
 The treacherous Saxon's headlong flood,
 When, ah, in luckless hour he came
 To Britain's shores in friendship's name,
 Yet dared to draw the faithless glaive,
 To wound the land he came to save ;
 Though, Britain, oft thy vengeful arm,
 Broke with fierce aim the traitor's charm * ?

“ All, all is gone,—I see the host
 Of Saxon strangers rule the coast :
 Britain's last monarch † leaves the shore,
 An exile, to return no more ;
 While to his race of all his plains
 A stinted reign alone remains ‡.
 With patriot sadness, lo ! he flies,
 While memory fills his aged eyes
 With all that once could pride impart,
 To swell a King's, a Briton's heart ;
 But, sad reverse, his diadem now
 Must grace a foreign ruler's brow,
 And valorous Arthur's § old domain
 Must crouch beneath a Saxon's reign ;
 Save CYMRU's glens and mountains wild,
 Asylum formed for Freedom's child,
 Proud refuge of the free and brave,
 That yet survive Britannia's grave.

* Every one, acquainted with the English history, knows the breach of faith committed by the Saxons on their arrival in this country. However, the Britons, far from tamely acquiescing in the treacherous usurpation, made a long and gallant resistance, and were only at last overpowered by numbers.—ED.

† Cadwaladr, for a short notice of whom see the first volume, p. 248. After Cadwaladr's departure the dominion of the Britons was confined to Wales and Cornwall.—ED.

‡ This has reference to Cadwaladr's inheritance of Gwynedd, which descended, on his abdication, to his son Idwal. But it was not until the time of his grandson, Rhodri Molwynog, that the Britons were obliged to abandon Cornwall, when, for the first time, their power was confined within the limits of Wales. This happened about the year 750, nearly two centuries after the death of Taliesin.—ED.

§ For a brief notice of Arthur see the first volume, p. 204.—ED.

" Yes there, ye great and favour'd few,
 My country still shall live with you,
 And, rising o'er the wreck of time,
 Exulting boast her mountain clime,
 While through her fairy haunts * shall stray
 The music of her happier day ;
 For her's shall be the glorious meed,
 (So Heaven and Genius have decreed,)
 That still within her bardic shell
 Her native notes shall love to dwell,
 And still with 'raptured voice proclaim
 The records of her pristine fame ;
 While, as of old, shall soar above
 The hymn of gratitude and love,
 Still mingling with her gifted lays
 The incense of a nation's praise,
 'Till that dread hour, when time is o'er,
 And song and genius charm no more."

* *

THE MOUNTAIN BARD TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

CYMRU, how I hail thy name,
 How I prize thy ancient fame,
 How I love to catch the sound,
 Straying o'er thy magic ground,
 Where immortal music dwells,
 Nursed among thy rocks and dells ;
 Where the holy *awen* ever
 Teems with strains, that perish never,
 As within thy tuneful haunts
 Still the 'raptured minstrel chaunts :
 Emblem of his gifted sires,
 Glowing erst with quenchless fires,
 Type of bards, that yet shall be,—
 Heirs of thy old minstrelsy.

CYMRU ! as my days decline,
 May such favour'd lot be mine,
 Near some lonely mountain stream
 Thus to chaunt my bardic theme,
 Thus my social harp to ply,
 Thus to live, and thus to die !

* *

* The superstitious notions of the Welsh respecting fairies have been described in the former volume, p. 347.—ED.